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AN ALPINE LAKE.

BY PROF. H. F. LEGGETT.

From deep unfalling fountains that play
Through sunless rifts below,
Upward the crystal currents stray,
The singing waters flow, —

Till deep within the blue-walled rim
Of mountains, azure crowned,
The goblin's granite bowl they brim,
And here the lake is found.

Alone upon the mountains wild
It wears its sweetest charms,
And mother Nature owns her child,
And bears it in her arms.

Fair mirror of the summer heaven
That bends above its breast,
Or swelling storm of passion driven
Across its peace and rest.

The gray old crags with beauty glow
From its entrancing face,
And distant cones of gleaming snow
Are grander for its grace.

As fair it smiles as when with blue
Broad arch above it drawn,
Its virgin freshness woke and knew
The kisses of the dawn.

No wrinkled trace of age it bears,
No shadow of decay,
With lilacs on its breast it wears
Its primal youth for aye.

A crystal dream of rest it lies,
By passion's breath untriven,
It holds the brightness of the skies —
The smile of earth and heaven.

Rare beauty of the lonely wild!
Who on these heights shall stray,
May leave his care where thou hast smiled,
And hear thy peace away.

"Maplewood," Concordville, Pa.

THE POSITIVISM OF CHRISTIANITY.

BY MRS. MARY S. ROBINSON.

It is frequently and justly asserted that the evidence in favor of Revelation and belief, if applied to any other statement of facts or of principles, would be accepted almost without hesitation in any court of law or other tribunal. Simply to the reason—the intellectual perception—the evidences for the reasonableness of belief present themselves as clear, cogent, unanswerable. But no statement of the divine Word is more true, none of its assertions show a juster knowledge of the nature of man, than that which affirms: "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness." And so long as the human heart is free to reject belief, so long will unbelievers, disbelievers, willing agnostics, theorize against the principles and facts of divine truth as proclaimed in the Word of God, and exemplified by His kingdom upon earth.

"But are there not persons who cannot believe?" asked a witty skeptic latterly of the writer. Persistent unbelief of the heart is set forth in the Scriptures as a crime, and is enumerated with other crimes. Among other persistently guilty ones, liars, murderers, etc., "the unbelieving" are to go away into everlasting shame and contempt. Our Lord "upbraided" His disciples and others for their unbelief. To the unfaithful servant of the parable is assigned a "portion with the unbelievers." Paul affirms that the ancient people of God were rejected because of their unbelief. Titus affirms that the mind and conscience of the unbelieving are defiled. The Christian Hebrews are warned against cherishing an evil heart of unbelief in departing from God; and Barnabas exhorts the disciples at Antioch to cleave unto the Lord with purpose of heart. What answer should we return to a felon, a forger, a murderer, who should seek to exculpate himself with the plea that he could not restrain himself from the crime he had committed? No right-minded judge would regard such a plea from a culprit not adjudged insane. No sentence would be modified on account of it. Had you not been willing to violate the laws, you would not have violated them; had you not determined to slay your victim, you would not have murdered him, we should reply to such an apology, if, indeed, we held it worthy of answer. The fact that our Lord continually demanded and commanded belief, indicates beyond question that He required an exertion, an action of the will, from those He thus addressed. He is that true Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. He wills not the ignorance, the alienation, the death of any, but that all should believe on Him unto everlasting life—Him, who was made manifest to take away

the sins of the world. Whosoever will, let him come; but he must will to come. We are to work out our salvation, co-operating with God.

If persons exist who cannot use their wills in the way He requires, then recourse must be had to the Calvinistic postulate and phrase for their *raison d'être*. They are children of the evil one—subjects born to the kingdom of darkness, fettered by the ruler of that kingdom, irrevocably, while yet their substance lay hidden in "the lowest parts of the earth," before their wills or ought else pertaining to them had being. This statement suits not the skeptic's notions, nor is it justly deducible from the divine Word. More than this, the sternest Calvinist would earnestly exhort and entreat such a possible reprobate to cast himself at the footstool of the divine mercy; to maintain an attitude of reverence, of awe, of contrition, and of willing obedience before his God; in a word, so far as lay in himself, to have no part in rendering himself a castaway. He would beseech such an one to pray; to seek the Lord, if haply He might be found; to wrestle with his Maker, like the ancient Hebrew, in a life-long wrestling, if need were. No sincere Calvinist, however severe his creed, ever admitted the right of any soul to sink into indifference or despair, so long as it remains "on praying ground and interceding terms" with its Sovereign and Judge. In common with all other spiritually educated minds, the Calvinist recognized the tremendous, ever-present fact of individual moral responsibility as the basis of all justice, government and law. By it we are tested and judged in our relations to our fellows and to our God. Let not him, then, who rejects belief presume to say he cannot believe; in other words, that his rejection of divine truth lies outside the capability of his will. For God tempteth no man; but every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lust and enticed.

The arguments for belief have a certain value, although, alone, they rarely produce conviction. As we all know, discussion, while it enters as an important, sometimes a needful, element of conversation, seldom or never produces agreement of opinion between the disputants. Such arguments may have a part in turning the soul toward the truth; they may not be without avail in bringing about the travail of the new birth; but their force is not equal to that of actual, indisputable evidence—the force of facts. Next to the mysterious power of the divine Spirit, and the willingness of the soul to open itself to His influence, such a soul is moved and persuaded by the facts of Christian experience, the history of Christianity. I may have permitted myself to hold little or no communion with the Father of my spirit; but if I wish to enter upon such a communion, the fact that an innumerable multitude of my fellow-beings, among them the wisest, purest and holiest of mankind, have given proof, by testimony and by conduct, to such a communion throughout all historic ages, and over all the earth in the present era—this fact is of supreme importance to me, one that I cannot disregard and remain just to myself. Unworldliness, heavenly-mindedness, may be attainments whereof I have no experimental knowledge; but I cannot ignore the fact that thousands upon thousands of the people of God have possessed and manifested these graces. I may cherish intellectual doubts as to the fact of conversion; my mental perception may receive it with difficulty, or hesitate to receive it; but only an arrogance amounting to insanity would deny the fact that souls beyond numbering have been led from the darkness of the natural life into the glorious illumination of Him who is the Life and Light of all spirits. The new birth is attested by a great "cloud of witnesses" in the past and in the present, who, having been, or being, in the world, have been, or are, not of it; but who have lived, or live, with their Lord here below in the regeneration, the new life of the body, soul and spirit.

A current fallacy among unreflective persons expresses itself in the affirmation that one can be "just

as good" outside the kingdom of our Lord as within it; that, in other words, citizenship within the society of His founding, adoption into the household of God, is not essential to exemplary living or to spiritual education—the development of the inner life. Many go so far, even, as to assert that an independent, guerrilla warfare, so to speak, or, more properly, a merely passive aloofness from the host of the church militant, has its advantages over enrollment upon its records and place within its ranks. Such persons prefer not to remember that the Church's Founder chose His followers "out of the world," and told them for that reason the world hated them; that He drew a clear division and distinction between those whom the Father had given Him, and the world that received Him not; that the apostolic writings urgently exhort to separation from the world, citizenship in the visible kingdom of God, recognition and maintenance of the bonds of Christian fellowship. How questionable would be the status of a man or woman who was married, but who preferred that their marriage should not be spoken of, recognized, or even known! What standing would an Odd Fellow, a Free Mason, or *quasi*-member of any guild or order have, who declined enrollment as a member thereof, and preferred not to be considered as such? We should affirm in truth that he was no member of it. But the society instituted by our Lord—the Church of God—is an organization, an order, visible, actual, pertaining to, and established for, the mundane life of humanity.

This fallacy once admitted to be other than a fallacy, the history, the existence of God's people becomes an inexplicable anomaly. If the individual is developed equally well outside the city of God as within it, for what purpose was this city founded? Why has it existed? Why has it been maintained and guarded intact from all its foes, from the beginning? From this point of view certain aspects of its history are worthy of consideration. In another paper we may allude, as briefly as we may, to the Church, as an institution human and divine, perpetuated throughout the six centuries of the history of the race.

A REMINISCENCE OF 1840.

BY REV. W. H. PEARNE, D. D.

In the picturesque and beautiful valley of the Chenango, in the State of New York, about midway between Hamilton and Binghamton, is situated the quiet and pleasant village of Oxford. In the year 1840, the writer was stationed there as pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was not an entire stranger to the place or the people, for some of his boyhood days had been spent in an adjoining neighborhood among the hills which abound in that region.

The village then contained a population of some fifteen hundred. It was remote from the great thoroughfares, and did not feel the impulse of that spirit of enterprise and improvement, which has, so like magic almost, built up cities and towns out of nothing. Still it was quite a thriving business centre for a large dairy country round about.

It had one peculiarity above all the country places around it; and that was its academy, quite renowned at that time. Many of the early settlers were descended from New England stock, and had brought with them the love of learning, morality, religion and social order, which has ever distinguished the descendants of the Puritans. Hence, with the settlement of the place, due care was taken to provide for the educational and moral wants of the community as it should grow.

A church was organized, and the ministry of the Word, under Orthodox auspices, was conducted. These were multiplied as different tastes, habits of thought and religious opinions came to be developed, until, from the stern, and then unyielding, dogmas of Calvinism, to the latitude and freedom of Universalism, each could find a place of worship to suit.

An academy was built to which for many years the youth of the surrounding country resorted for instruc-

tion. Within its walls some of the noblest minds which have adorned society for the past half century were trained. Here they received their first impulse in the way of usefulness and honor, and laid the foundation for character which has since made them distinguished in the seats of authority, the halls of legislation, or the marts of trade. The people were intelligent, simple in their habits and manners, social and kind in their disposition. A term of labor among them was regarded as a pleasure, as well as an honor, by the itinerant minister who had for some years been "roughing it" on the surrounding country circuits.

But here, as in most other places at that day, he who labored for God and for souls found his share of trial and discouragement. He must not expect to find an earthly paradise, where, without care and conflict, the ripe fruits of grace would spring spontaneously from the moral soil. With the Methodist minister it was peculiarly so. Our society was at the last organized. It was unpopular with the mass. Our place of worship was a rather uncomfortable chapel in the upper room in the old academy building, which our people had bought when it was superseded by another edifice in a new location. The members of the church were mostly poor and without prominent social standing. In point of moral and religious influence, however, they would compare favorably with other religious bodies around them.

To meet the demands of the congregation, scattered over an area of six or seven miles square, appointments were made in the neighboring school-houses. Thus people were reached with the Word who could not be gathered into the village on the Sabbath. Souls were saved, and the cause of God advanced. Where is the itinerant of thirty or more years' experience in the ministry who does not love to go back in memory to those days of honest simplicity and genuine hospitality, and review the scenes of labor and triumph through which he then passed? Happy days of privileged toil! They are like the bright and joyous hours of childhood again painted on the mental vision of age, when sorrow and care have almost blurred the page of life.

Some months had passed—months of alternating lights and shadows, hopes and fears; of trials and triumphs, the trials seeming often to predominate. Fear and discouragement had been for some time casting a shade over my mind and depressing my spirit. As is often the case in the experience of the young itinerant, a feeling of disappointment and regret was fast growing in my heart. For some days the question had been presented to me, "Is it duty thus to struggle, to forego social comforts, sacrifice worldly prospects, and live a stranger and a pilgrim through life, apparently in vain?" Just then, as if to correct the error of my doubt and unbelief, and encourage my drooping heart, one of those happy incidents occurred, which is like the sunshine breaking through the clouds of a dark, lowering day.

After finishing the ordinary services at the chapel on the Sabbath, I made my way to a school-house about five miles from the village, where, once in two weeks, I was accustomed to preach in the evening. A very large and attentive congregation was in attendance, and listened to a sermon on Malachi 3: 16, 17. Although we had no class organized, the seriously inclined were invited to remain for religious counsel, after the public service. At the close of the meeting I repaired to the house of a friend to spend the night. A short season of religious conversation, ending with family devotion, had been enjoyed. We were preparing to retire, when a rap was heard at the door, and on its being opened I heard my name spoken. A gentleman of the neighborhood came in and requested me to accompany him to his house, a mile or more distant. He said a young lady, a niece of his, was in great distress of mind, and desired the prayers of the minister that night.

Starting with as little delay as possible, we soon entered his residence. There I saw the subject of these remarks sitting near the large fire-place,

in which a cheerful fire was blazing, evidently absorbed in deep feeling. Her face was covered with a handkerchief, buried in her hands, and her sobs and groans indicated that there was a thorough work going on in her heart. The first words heard from her after entering the room, were, "Sin! Sin! Oh, I am all sin!"

Taking a seat near her, I asked, "Do you desire to be delivered from sin?" To which she answered, "If I can." "Do you not know that Christ Jesus died to save you, and that He will save you now if you will believe in Him?" Then she exclaimed, "Oh, I have been such a sinner! Can He save me?" The precious utterances of His Word, which offer hope and promise salvation to the chief of sinners, were presented. Still, so overpowering was the view she had of her sinful heart, that she could think of nothing but her wickedness; yet from her uncle I had learned that, morally and socially, she was one of the most worthy and exemplary young ladies in all that region. So does the Spirit of God reveal the native corruption of our hearts.

She said still further, "O sir, I have sinned so often—so often rejected the Spirit's influences when He has striven with me; and even this evening I left the house with the congregation when you requested those to remain who were seriously impressed. I fear there is no mercy for me." She was pointed to the willingness of Christ and the sufficiency of His merit, and we engaged in prayer. Access to God was graciously given. While pleading her case before the throne of mercy, her fervent responses and earnest ejaculations told plainly that she was a sincere and earnest seeker after salvation. A few verses of that appropriate hymn,—

"Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live,"

were then sung, and again the mercy of God was implored upon the penitent soul. The struggle was long and hard, and when we arose from our knees, she had received no satisfaction.

The nature and importance of faith, as the only and simple condition of salvation, were then further explained and enforced, and she was asked, "Can you not believe that Jesus can save you?" "It looks a little more encouraging," was her answer. This was the first word of hope she had uttered through the whole evening. Indeed, so near to the borders of despair had she been driven, that I was almost sorry I had been called to see her, fearing that reason might be dethroned, and popular clamor might charge it to me.

At length the decisive moment arrived. There was a pause. Not a whisper broke the silence of that impressive point of time, into which were crowded such vital interests. The truth and divinity of our holy religion were to be confirmed by the testimony of another living witness—a soul saved from sin. After some ten minutes of this unbroken stillness, suddenly her face was uncovered, when for the first time I saw her countenance, which indicated unusual intelligence, and was one of the most beautiful I ever saw. Turning her eyes upon those around, she said, "How strange I feel—as if I had never sinned in my life; but I know I have." And addressing me: "Do you think the work is real?" There was no room for doubt, and I unhesitatingly answered, "Yes." She continued, "How I wish I could see my friends" (she was several miles from home), "and tell them what a dear Saviour I have found." Although it was after eleven o'clock, she seemed anxious to go out into the neighborhood and let all know what God had done for her soul.

Thus Satan, though he had struggled hard to retain the unfortunate victim of his malice, was baffled. The grace of God had again triumphed, and the soul was free. It was near midnight, and we proposed retiring. Before doing so we had another season of prayer, and oh, what a season! That soul which but a little time before was bowed down with sorrow, and bordering upon despair, that with cries and tears sought pardon through the blood of the Lamb, was now joy-

ful in the Lord, and joined our devoted with a spirit of rejoicing.

As soon as I ceased praying, she commenced, and offered to heaven one of the most sensible, fervent prayers I ever heard, remembering most affectionately and tenderly her distant parents, brothers and sisters. Thus ended for the night this most interesting and blessed scene. In the morning her countenance was radiant with the rapture that filled her soul. In her own words, she seemed to be "in a new world." Indeed, "old things had passed away and all things had become new."

Through the unreasonable prejudices of her parents, she was not permitted to join the church of her choice, under whose ministry she had been brought to Christ; but she went into another branch, and never swerved from her faith in the Saviour, nor lost the consciousness of religious enjoyment.

But Death had already marked her for his prey. The rose faded from her cheek, her strength gradually failed, and she yielded to the encroachments of disease. In little less than a year from that memorable evening, she exchanged earth for heaven, as if fitted for it just in time. On her dying bed she evinced an unshaken trust in Jesus, and was confident in hope. She manifested the same tender regard for her friends who gathered around; affectionately entreating them to seek the Saviour, and praying for their salvation. Then in the triumphs of a living faith she expired. Thus passed away from earth the young, the beautiful and accomplished Mary Haines.

LETTER FROM CINCINNATI.

Just now Ohio is a battle-field, and the objective point of the campaign is this city. In our last we referred briefly to a movement which was making for the suppression of the vile shows which infested the upper part of the city, and for a time seemed superior to all the efforts made against them. Indeed, they only waxed more bold in their iniquity; and their advertisements, especially of the Sunday entertainments, teemed with outspoken ribaldry. In a conference held between the ministerial committee and the mayor and chief of police, it was plainly shown that the former functionary was absolutely powerless, and the latter equally so. The ability to act rested with the Common Council, and on them rested the responsibility. The committee immediately addressed itself to that body, backed by the influence of the *Gazette*, and sustained by a determined public opinion. As a result, a stringent license act was passed, requiring the consent of the property owners in the neighborhood, and delegating authority to the mayor to compel its enforcement. To him was committed the task of deciding upon the character of the theatre or show seeking license, which he could grant or refuse as he saw fit, or revoke if in his judgment public morality demanded it. Some of the places took the alarm, and the most objectionable features were withdrawn. During the past few days licenses have been issued to the more reputable—Sunday performances as well—for this contest had been narrowed down to one of indecency or decency. When to-day the Vine Street Opera House came for its license, it was flatly refused, as were those of some of a still lower character; and the proprietor was informed that if he attempted to open, the place would be closed by the police. The machinery of the law was, of course, put in motion at once, and an injunction asked against the action of the mayor. Great effort was made to have this laid at once, so the business of the theatre could proceed; but the judge refused, and the application for the writ will not be heard till this day week. So you may put it down as one point gained in favor of law and order and the first step towards a clean Sunday. The only wonder is, that the community did not rise in arms against the abomination long ago.

The other point of the conflict is at Columbus, where success is not so promising. In the lower House of the Legislature a stringent Sunday law was introduced, known as the Stubbs' bill. Its provisions are as sweeping as the most pronounced Sabbatarian could desire, and it passed

by an immense majority. It was expected it would have been adopted by the Senate quite as decisively within a day or two. Whether it could have been enforced in its entirety in this city does not enter into the inquiry. At any rate, it would have been a step toward a quiet Sunday, and an expression of enlightened opinion. But it fell into the hands of the judiciary committee, where it has lain some weeks. There is no such general pressure in its favor as existed for the other measure, and several things have retarded its progress. Prominent among these is the dread lest, with the large German element here, its passage and attempted enforcement would throw the government of the city into the hands of the Democrats at the next election, which comes off in April. It is a curious comment upon the ways of politicians in general that one who voted for it in the House should be a chief party to its hindrance in the Senate. He proposed an amendment, which adds after the prohibitory clause on Sunday amusements, "except performances strictly musical or conducted entirely in the German language."

Of course such an exception would render the whole bill nugatory, and it may have been so intended. It used to be the boast of a great English lawyer that no law could be framed through which he could not drive a coach and six. But through an act so amended a not very wise man might run a train of cars, locomotive and all. It is to the credit of at least one German paper, opposed to its enactment, that it utterly repudiated the proposed amendment, and declared that it wanted no class legislation, nor did the people whom it represented. What will be the outcome remains to be seen. To one standing on the outside it would have seemed more feasible to have passed a law prohibiting all Sunday performances, and that it could have been put into effect; for, after all, that was the main object aimed at.

The other conflict at Columbus is on the temperance question, and has been long and heavy. Thirty years ago a constitution was adopted by the people of the State in which the licensing to sell intoxicating drink was prohibited. The result has been free trade in liquor ever since. Whether it was wise or not, it is not our province to say. There can be no doubt that it was well meant, but the fact remains. Beyond the small internal revenue license fee no saloon pays anything, and the control of them has been virtually removed. This will account for the enormous number of such places which are found on every hand. During the present winter no less than eight bills have been before the legislature, some of them prohibitory in their character, the most of which have been smothered in committee. Local option during the week has been defeated by a close vote in the House. It may sound strange, but this measure met with the sturdiest opposition from the liquor interest. One would suppose it could affect it but little in the localities where the most liquor is sold; but the brewers and distillers rallied in force, and money was no object in the accomplishment of its defeat. The truth is, we fancy, that more of the stuff finds its way into by-places than is supposed, and such an opportunity to check it would seriously interfere with their trade.

At last comes what is known as the Pond bill, which provides for the taxation of the rum-seller, according to location, in sums of \$100, \$200, \$500 and \$1,000, with abundant surties as guarantee for their payment, and stringent penalties for any evasion of the act. This is still pending, and it is said that its chances of passing are better than any that have been offered, severe as it looks. The facts are, that the great brewers would be glad to see some such law in force. The small saloons are a constant burden to them; and as it is said they virtually own the saloons by mortgage or by purchase, they are not unwilling to see them in fewer hands. You in New England can hardly imagine the intensity of the struggle. The money interests involved are so large that every inch of ground is stoutly contested. But that something ought to be done, and at once, no one would be bold enough to deny.

Church matters present no new feature. The revival meetings have been almost universally successful, Christy and Trinity of our churches receiving large accessions, and the work still continues in many quarters. Feb. 13, 1881. CLARKE.

Miscellaneous.

ANASTASIS.

BY REV. EDGAR F. CLARK.

[Continued.]

The resurrection of Christ is especially urged, to prove the resurrection of the corpse-body and form at the resurrection. Was not Christ raised in the same form and body with which He was crucified? Is He not the model for the church? As He arose, shall not we arise—He the "first fruits," and we the harvest? Certainly, at first view, this seems plausible. But a second thought suggests the difficulty of such an exegesis. In the first place, there is no confessed or adequate evidence that the great change, contemplated by the apostle Paul, had taken place in the forty days of His sub-resurrection stay upon earth. "Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God;" but Christ declares, "A spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see Me have." Christ subjoined this statement with the inquiry, "Have ye here any meat?" And they gave Him a piece of a broiled fish and of an honeycomb; and He took it, and did eat before them." Do these facts assimilate with the Christian view of the resurrection-body? Confessedly not. By some, the great change is made upon the body, if not the vestments, of Christ, at or during His ascent from Mt. Olivet. But where is the evidence of any such change? His rise through the air is certainly not sufficient, for He who could make Peter walk upon the water without such transformation, or iron swim, in the old dispensation, without transmuting the iron to spirit-matter, or heal, by a magic touch, the withered hand, could raise His body aloft without any spiritual change. Witness the analogue of such an ascent in Christ's epiphany to Manah, Judges 13: 20-22: "For it came to pass, when the flame went up toward heaven from off the altar, that the angel of the Lord ascended in the flame of the altar, and Manoah and his wife looked on it, and fell on their faces to the ground. But the angel of the Lord did no more appear to Manoah and to his wife. Then Manoah knew that he was an angel of the Lord. And Manoah said unto his wife, We shall surely die, because we have seen God." No evidence is here to show that the body of Jehovah was transmuted at this ascent. Such as it was during the preceding conversation, such it appears to have remained in the miraculous ascent. The previous epiphany of the *Logos* in human forms are naturally correlated to the last epiphany of God in Christ's human form; yet in none of them is the visible body to be rated as an illusive phantasm, or the glorified body of coming saintdom. As the biblical scholar mentally lays aside these ephemeral bodies for the unknown body of the *Logos*, in the pre-Christian era, so, as Christ ascends on Olivet, no evidence appears to demonstrate that He still retains those vestments and body.

If in the old dispensation bodies were assumed and laid aside after their mission was completed, why may not Christ, as formerly, lay aside the revealing body on ascending, and appear in the upper sanctuary in a body and form suited alike to youth and old age, Circassian and Malay? Acts 1: 11—"Which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven"—appears to convey the idea sometimes attributed to it that Christ shall return with the same form and corporeal essence. *Hon tropion*, Hackett, in common with Bengel, De Wette, Meyer, and Olshausen, interprets to signify, "in what manner, i. e., visibly, and in the air" (See on Acts 1: 11). The form of Christ in the subsequent visions of John the Revelator, harmonizes with the view that Christ reveals Himself according to the necessities of the truth sought to be revealed. Thus Rev. 1: 14-16: "His head and His hairs were white like wool, as white as snow; and His eyes were as a flame of fire; and His feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace; and His voice as the sound of many waters. And He had in His right hand seven stars; and out of His mouth went a sharp two-edged sword; and His countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength." Phil. 3: 21 says: "Who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself." Here the word "change," *metaschematisei*, denotes to change the form, and the term "fashioned," *summorphon*, refers unquestionably to

form or fashion. Christ, on descending, was made "in the likeness of man," "the form of a servant." Man, in the resurrection, shall be transformed, i. e., take another form—that of Christ. How positive the statement that the form of the future is not that of to-day! Thus does the resurrected Christ furnish no prototype, either in form or essence, for the corpse-resurrection, but only of the fact of resurrection, the accompanying change of which, in the case of Christ, both in form and matter, takes place beyond visibility, the same as in the Old Testament epiphanies. If we knew the accompaniments of Christ's resurrection, what His glorified body was, then indeed might we learn our form and essence in futurity; but while these are unknown, it becomes us to be silent, though expectant, upon the transformation of the earthly body, so far as any argument can be drawn from Christ's resurrection. The Apostle Paul, in the 15th chapter of Corinthians, argues the fact of the resurrection of Christians from the resurrection of Christ, but not the form or essence of resurrected bodies. This explanation, made in reference to the interrogations, "How are the dead raised up?" and "With what body do they come?" founds an argument for the possibility and the metamorphosis of the resurrection upon natural data. Having proved that Christ arose, if His form and corporeal essence during His forty days' sojourn upon earth were to be the model of the resurrected saint, it is passing strange that this corollary is not presented, in addition to the analogical argument, which, as we shall have occasion to show hereafter, reveals the widest dissimilarity between the seed and the plant, or the corpse and the resurrection-body.

To the question, "Why did Jesus assume, at all, His corpse-body?" the answer is evident. He took the same flesh and bones, that the disciples and all other witnesses might be certified that the very Christ crucified had arisen from the empire of death, since thus the most doubtful might "handle" and "see" the nail-prints and the spear-thrust. This same flesh and bones that had received the fish and honeycomb, together with His apparel, are borne to the skies—proof-text that the same Jesus of Nazareth and Calvary has passed into the heavens.

Scripture is quoted to disprove the above definition of the resurrection. Thus Job 19: 25-27: "For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another; though my reins be consumed within me."

Dr. Taylor Lewis translates these difficult passages as follows:—

"I know that my Redeemer lives, And o'er my dust, survivor, shall He stand, My skin all gone, this (remnant) they may rend, But from my flesh shall I Elohah see; Shall see Him mine;— Mine eyes shall see Him—stranger now no more, (For this) with longing faints my inmost soul."

He adds: "That in reference to *misar* the weight of evidence, however, is on the side of a total disembodiment." . . . "And here it may be remarked that the true force of the passage, as testimony, would seem actually weakened by overstraining it into a dogmatic teaching or anticipation of the New Testament doctrine of the resurrection." Dr. Zöcker translates it: "And free from my flesh shall I behold Elohah." He says it refers to the time when, freed from his suffering, miserable, decayed *sarx* (flesh), he shall behold God as a glorified spirit. So Schlottman, Arnheim, Dillman and Delitzsch.

No argument whatever appears from the above passages, in support of the corpse-resurrection, but rather of glory in a non-corporeal state. Ezekiel's vision of the dry bones and their reinvestment with flesh and life, as recorded in his 37th chapter, is a figure employed to denote the political and religious condition of the Jews, and their restoration under God. This fact is especially manifest in the interpretation given in the 11th verse, where the bones are affirmed to be the living Israel. Thus Schröder on this chapter says: "How little the connection in Ezekiel says in favor of the dogma of the general resurrection of the dead is best seen from the artificial way in which verse 11, *seq.*, is disposed of." Whether the Jews at this time held the doctrine of the resurrected *carnis*, is a disputed question, and the vision seems to rest quite as much upon the creative power of God exerted over dry bones as upon any figure drawn from a hypothetical faith in a bodily resurrection.

The 26th chapter and 19th verse

of Isaiah has also been employed to support a corpse-resurrection: "They dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust; for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead." The context here, as in the passages just elucidated, has undoubted reference to a national reviviscence by a divine Providence, and not the final resurrection of the judgment. Verse 14 explains the dead, and verse 21 inaugurates the resurrection of the "nation" by divine judgments upon the civil enemies.

In the Old Testament it only remains to cite Daniel 12: 2: "And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt." Here, if anywhere in the Old Testament, a corpse-resurrection would seem to be implied. But the context disavours such an exegesis. Verse 1 says: "At that time shall Michael stand up, the great prince, which standeth for the children of thy people." These words connect the time with persons and events in the previous chapter. In a work entitled "Daniel Verified in History and Chronology," by Rev. A. M. Osborn, D. D., is found the following able exposition of the subject:—

"The death of Antiochus, then, determines the time of the deliverance of Daniel's people. According to 1 Maccabees 6: 16, he 'died there in the hundred forty and ninth year.' The resurrection spoken of in the second verse, therefore, must be the political resurrection of the Jews, for it synchronizes with the fall of their persecutor. . . . The 'book,' 'awaking from the dust,' the 'everlasting life,' the 'everlasting contempt,' are phrases so commonly associated with the final judgment that very many honest people have made these verses proof-texts of this doctrine of revelation. . . . 'The book,' 'thy book,' and 'my book,' do not necessarily mean the book of the final judgment. Clearly they do not mean this in Ex. 32: 32, 33—'Yet now, if Thou wilt forgive their sin, and if not, blot me, I pray Thee, out of Thy book which Thou hast written. And the Lord said unto Moses, Whosoever hath sinned against Me, him will I blot out of My book'—unless we can suppose Moses is praying to be sent to the perdition of hell. . . . May not the phrase, 'the book,' be explained by Isaiah 4: 3: 'And it shall come to pass, that he that is left in Zion, and he that remaineth in Jerusalem, shall be called holy, even every one that is written among the living in Jerusalem?'"

"If, then, this is a true parallel, the meaning of Daniel's words is merely this: Those who survived the slaughter by sword and famine, and who had not gone into captivity again, should not be delivered from these oppressions and cruelties. But it may be objected that this 'awaking is out of the dust,' and to 'everlasting life' and 'everlasting contempt'; and, therefore, the prediction cannot have had its fulfillment at the time of the death of Antiochus Epiphanes; and hence a meaning must be attributed to these verses which will conform to these verbal conditions of the text. But this is begging the question, so far as this passage is concerned, for it is clear that the text and context relate to the deliverance of Daniel's people from the power and tyranny of the 'little horn'; and, besides, there is no word in the verse in question which denotes the general resurrection of the bodies of men. And it may be further added that the 'dust' out of which they 'awake,' does not necessarily mean the grave. The question to be settled is, are they used in this passage in that application? Let it be remembered that the little horn had cast down the host 'to the ground and stamped upon them' (chap. 8: 10). Hence their helpless and degraded state is well described by the figure of sleeping in the dust. Out of that state the angel was about to awake them and lift them up."

Of those who should receive this political resurrection, a part, by their life, would merit just renown, while others, by their conduct, would demerit perpetual reproach. The closing part of this chapter also removes the scope of the chapter from a final judgment to events that preceded the coming of Christ (*vide* verses 11-13).

[To be continued.]

"THE NEED OF PREACHERS IN THE FAR WEST" ONCE MORE.

BY REV. JOHN A. CASS.

In my article published in the HERALD of Dec. 16, 1880, I made some statements regarding the work of the Lord in the "far West," not in a spirit of criticism, but with a sincere desire to do good. I have heard from the article in so many ways, that I am convinced it will do good both in the East and West. But I notice in your issue of Feb. 3, 1881, that Rev. John Wheeler, D. D., from Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, takes me to task feebly, and declares that mine is a "surface treatment" of the subject. "Without sufficient information as to the facts," the gist of his article appears to be that I am a "provincial cockney," incapable of seeing anything to commend, though there is nothing in the West, so far as he knows, but is worthy of the highest commendation. This is the impression his effusion did make on several minds—I presume on

many. But now, after looking over again what he wrote, and after conversation with gentlemen who are familiar with the "far West," I am clearly of the opinion that I know more about the matter than Bro. Wheeler does, and I proceed to show it.

He writes (referring to me): "Your correspondent does not distinguish between Nebraska and Iowa, and hence his assertions are to be regarded as applying to both." In the next sentence he quotes my words: "The pulpit at the far West is lamentably weak." Observe, I spoke not of the West, but of the far West. Let me here say for Bro. W.'s information that some three hundred miles or so beyond where he resides, is a great ridge of land running across the State of Iowa known as "The Divide." It is the generally understood boundary between the West and the "far West." All this side of it is known as the "West;" and all beyond it as the "far West." I will not say that people in Australia know this, but so far as I have had opportunity to meet the people of Western Iowa and Nebraska, it is generally understood, and I was told at one of the largest land offices in Iowa that such was the fact. In my article I assumed that this was known—though perhaps I should have mentioned it. Now, then, I wrote only of the "far West"—of this region beyond "The Divide"—comprising a part of Iowa, and Nebraska entire. It was concerning this far West that I said: "I have heard there preachers of most of the great denominations, and I know I voice the sentiment of ten or fifteen church-going people of New England who were with me, when I say the pulpit of the far West is lamentably weak." And in my article I then added (what it was necessary for the purpose of Bro. Wheeler's article that he should omit, but which a spirit of fairness would not have omitted): "Of course there are exceptions. Doubtless, in many of the cities of these States men are filling pulpits who, could acceptably fill the best-known pulpits of the East; but, in the main, the preachers are not men of great natural gifts, nor of much acquired ability."

I will here only take time to repeat and emphasize this statement. It is terribly true, and my attention has again and again been called to it by the people who live in the "far West." The rush for material wealth draws all the more capable men into business, and only the weaker ones are left to man the pulpit. I am not reproaching the far West because of this. Once it was the case in other sections. I am simply stating a fact, and because I want to help by inducing stronger men to go there and engage in the Lord's work. I will not dwell upon this, for it is so patent a fact that any man who has eyes there and not seen it, has no eyes. It is like a self-evident truth—beyond the need of discussion.

Again, Bro. Wheeler quotes my words: "Unnumbered towns and villages have no religious services whatever; and then he lifts his voice and cries, 'This to citizens of Iowa is certainly an astonishing revelation.' Well, Bro. W., it is a fact, and a man who has been presiding elder for five years, and whose home is in Mt. Pleasant, that great center of "cultured brain," ought to know it!

"Oh, what some power the gift give us To see ourselves as others see us! It was free money a blunder free us, And foolish notion."

I am not invited to state where these places are, but I will do so, nevertheless. They are in western Iowa, along the Maple River, and Soldier River, and the Little Sioux River valleys. They are in Ida and Crawford, and Monona, and Woodbury Counties, two hundred and fifty miles beyond Mt. Pleasant, that city of "cultured brain" around which Bro. Wheeler perambulates. Across the line, in Nebraska, they are in Cumming, Stanton, and Madison, and Antelope, and Pierce, and Wayne Counties. In one of these Iowa counties I had occasion to spend the Sabbath in a thriving town of several hundred inhabitants, and on Saturday I sought to know if there were to be any religious services in the place next day. I went into several stores, but could find no one who knew of any service ever being held there, and I closed my tour of inquiry when I met an intelligent merchant who told me that once in a great while they had a service when some preacher happened along; but, said he, "The fact is, Mr., we don't do much at that business in this country." This is a sample of many towns whose names I could give, where, if there ever is any religious service, it is very occasionally—a funeral service, it may be, over the remains of some "Buck Fanchaw."

Bro. Wheeler goes into statistics to show what Methodism has done in Iowa. My dear sir, I knew all that before, and my article was no more intended for a reflection upon this work than upon the "cultured brain" of Mt. Pleasant. I know something of what the Iowa Conferences are, and have done. I wrote of the "far West." Dr. Wheeler tells us of a certain man who says he was once pastor "within a few minutes' ride of Broadway, New York," but who afterward went to Nebraska and found it harder to fill the latter pulpit than the former; and with this man's story in mind he argues the need of superior abilities to succeed in the West. Well, what of it, pray? Oh, such "glittering generalities!" "A few minutes' ride from Broadway, New York," will land one on the back side of New Jersey—out of the United States entirely.

Bro. Wheeler consults some "distinguished writer on rhetoric," and then, doubtless by inspiration, exclaims, "We measure ability by results." Not always and exclusively so, my dear brother. In measuring relative ability we do it by comparison. I have heard the preachers of New England all my days, and it is by comparison of these with the mass of preachers in the "far West" that I conclude the pulpit of the latter section is "lamentably weak."

Dr. Wheeler cannot make comparisons very well, for he has been presiding elder for five years, in which time, of course, he has heard his own sermons. Hence, his—well, I forbear! He that hath eyes let him see.

I repeat what I said before in substance: I know there are many strong men in the far West, but the cause of God cannot greatly prosper there till the country shall be blessed with more of them. I am not stammering a portion of the land, but I plead for its interests, and I reaffirm my advice to the young men of our colleges: "Go West, young man"—aye, go far West!

Concerning this whole matter of Dr. Wheeler's reply, I have only to say as my final word:—

1. The most prominent trait of western character is braggadochio—a tendency to overestimate themselves and then "blow" about it. No sane man will dispute this.

2. Dr. Wheeler, if not a western man by birth (I don't know; I never heard of him before), has, at least, been there long enough to become infected with the prevailing mania. To prove this I quote from his article in reply to mine: "In the five New England Conferences referred to, there are not ten congregations where the pastors address, from Sabbath to Sabbath, as large an amount of cultured brain as one pastor does in this little city (Mt. Pleasant) of five thousand inhabitants." This from a man who appends a D. D. to his name in a public journal!

3. Under inspiration from this western spirit, Dr. Wheeler attempts a reply to my first article, and shows that he does not understand the matter in hand. I pardon him, but I'll wager my hat that he never spent a week of his life in the "far West."

His article closes with a protest. Mine shall. He protests against my treatment of the subject "without sufficient information as to the facts." I protest against his using space in a valuable journal in attempting a reply, when his obvious lack of information about the matter written of, makes it impossible that he should understand my article.

Correspondence.

FROM NEW YORK.

Of the increase of Christ's government and peace there shall be no end. Constant revivals of religion, issuing in the reformation of ethical rules and moral practice, are by no means as Christians desire. And yet they are comparatively numerous. New York is favored with a few in our Methodist churches. The heart of the faithful pastor of old Bedford Street Church was gladdened by the professed conversion of no less than seventeen souls the evening of January 30. Different churches along the Hudson and in the interior are also favored with blessed visitations of divine grace. Nothing reconciles a Methodist preacher to the inevitable trials of his lot like the supreme joy experienced over the salvation of immortal souls. Churches may be crowded—like the Central, Eighteenth, Eighty-Sixth, One Hundred and Nineteenth, and St. James—but not in the multitude, nor in their applause, does the true pastor exult so much as in the conversion of sinners and their participation with himself in the unspeakable benefits of a conscious interest in Christ. Each of the churches mentioned has an able and gifted pastor, devoted to his work, and largely successful in it. Nor are the pastors who labor amid many discouragements and trials any whit less deserving of confidence and praise.

Rev. G. J. Miggins, formerly of the New York City Mission, preaches to crowded houses in the old Free Tabernacle on 34th Street. Mr. Palmer, president of the Broadway Bank, is the owner of the church, which he purchased for about \$70,000, and draws his check every week to cover the deficiencies of income as against expenditure in its management. He is another illustration of rare liberality in providing a free Gospel for the masses. Report has it that when he first came to New York he was a poor but industrious and pious man—a Presbyterian withal, and addicted, on principle, to regular attendance on divine worship. His first employment, it is said, was that of driving a stage. This he did well during the week, and rested on the Sabbath, according to the commandment. One Sunday he entered an Episcopalian church, asked for a seat, was rudely assigned to one by the supercilious and haughty sexton, who as rudely moved him from one seat to another several times during the morning service. On his return home he told his wife that if the Lord prospered him he would build or buy a church where he could worship as he pleased, and which should be free to all. Years sped on, and the godly stage-driver became a stage proprietor. The financial interests involved in his business led him to embark in banking. Wealth flowed into his coffers, and enabled him to accomplish his unforfeited design. All are invited to his church, to give what they wish to its maintenance; and what they do not give he does, and that weekly. He and John B. Cornell, the president of the New York Church Extension and City Mission Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, are two of the public-spirited citizens of New York whom the poorer people of the city can least afford to spare. May their example have many imitators! [Mr. Palmer has since abruptly dismissed Mr. Miggins. He is a bishop as well as a banker.—ED. HERALD.]

Dropping into the sanctum of the editor of the "great official" for a moment, we find him busy, prompt, and energetic as usual, infusing his own ability, pith and spiciness into the columns of his paper, and guarding, with Argus eyes, the interests of the church. Still, he is quite sober of aspect, and not without reason. His excellent wife is absent in the South for the benefit of her failing health. Thousands who know and ad-

miere both, heartily wish and pray for her speedy and complete recuperation. His editorial career is even more full of promise than of established and satisfactory results.

AMERICAN METHODIST HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

One of the projects of Dr. Curry, the former cultured and versatile editor of the *Christian Advocate*, was, and perhaps still is, the formation of a Methodist Historical Society. Why should we not have one—an American Methodist Historical Society—with headquarters at 805 Broadway, New York? Some will reply that the lack of funds is a sufficient reason; but need there be any lack of funds? Among the princely givers of New York Methodism is George I. Seney, president of the Metropolitan Bank, and the munificent patron of the Wesleyan University. He gave \$10,000 or \$12,000 for the erection of an edifice for the Long Island Historical Society, and has lately given \$50,000 more toward the augmentation of its library. Such a sum as the two benefactions reach, would give to the Church a general historical society worthy of its name and fame, and would preserve invaluable material for the use of modern writers and of future church and national historians. Who will give it?

R. WHEATLEY.

FROM VIRGINIA.

MR. EDITOR: I see that my old friend, Rev. Wm. T. Harlow, is dead. I doubt if any purer spirit on the day of his death passed through the gates into the celestial city. I knew him intimately for many years. We first met just in front of the old college building, Wesleyan University, in August, 1833. We were both entering college; were both examined together by Dr. Fisk in Latin; entered the same class, and were roommates for four years. During all this time of opportunity to become intimately acquainted with him, he was constantly revealing those traits of character which belong only to a noble, consecrated, Christian life. His intellectual gifts were above the average of his class, and his social and aesthetic qualities made him many friends. But that which distinguished him especially was his unflinching faith in God and in divine Revelation, and a discriminating insight into the things which are spiritual. I have known very few men of a richer Christian experience.

In the summer of 1840, he was elected to the professorship of mathematics in Emory and Henry College; he accepted it, and performed its duties for two years with entire satisfaction. During these two years he made a profound impression throughout this mountain country as a preacher of the Gospel. There are those still living who talk of his sermons at this camp-meeting, or that quarterly meeting, when the power of God was manifestly present with the people. On one occasion, while preaching at a camp-meeting from the text, "Wilt thou be made whole?" large numbers of people were seen leaving their seats, to stand as if transfixed, or to press towards the speaker; and when he closed, the whole assembly seemed to be melted before the power of the truth.

He spent a week with me, some eight years ago, in my college home here, and I found him the same heavenly-minded man as in the days of his youth, though rejoicing in higher spiritual attainments. He evidently knew what it was to have the mind of Christ. The Providence Conference has lost one of her best men, and the Methodist ministry one of her holiest preachers.

Emory, Va. E. E. WILEY.

Our Book Table.

Cheap substantial books do not seem to be embraced at all the sale of the long-established publishers, but they create another class of readers unable to purchase expensive books, and drive out a low-priced, unwholesome literature. The latter is a very important evil, in which every philanthropic and Christian man will feel a lively interest. One is amazed to see the extent which the manufacture of cheap standard works has already reached. While in New York we looked over, with growing surprise, the immense facilities for their manufacture and trade which the American Book Exchange has already secured. They have an army of employees, and turn off at the shortest notices their large editions of books. These books are, many of them, classics both in ancient and modern literature. Their titles are set forth in their full advertisements, in all the leading prints. A pretty edition of Shakespeare, in three volumes, is among them, sold for \$1.50; and separate plays, in paper covers, at three cents each. They are publishing a fine octavo, revised edition of "Chambers' Library of Universal Knowledge," with additional American subjects, in fifteen volumes, at \$1 a volume. Their very neat and well-selected *Library Magazine* for 1880 is bound, and makes a fine volume of the cream of foreign periodical literature. The establishment has also issued, on thick calendared paper, bound in half morocco, a student's edition of Young's great "Analytical Concordance." This is sold, in this permanent and beautiful form, for \$4.00. It would cost nearly that sum to bind one volume separately. This competition in the book trade is admirable for poor scholars, however it may affect publishers and writers. No Bible student need be without this invaluable work. It is a volume, known of which no pastor can afford to be deprived.

We are indebted to Mr. H. W. Knight, the very efficient manager of the subscription department of the Methodist Book Room, for a copy of THE WESLEYAN MEMORIAL VOLUME, edited by Rev. J. O. A. Clark, D. D., L. L. D. It makes a very handsomely-printed and published octavo of 740 pages. It contains contributions from noted pens in the church on both sides of the Atlantic, and a few out of the denomination, such as Pressense and Dean Stanley. Nearly all the branches of the Methodist family make contributions. All the themes relate to the great reformation of the eighteenth century, and the chief actors in it. Bishops Simpson, Haven and Foss; Bishops M'Yre, Wightman and Pierce; Drs. Punshon and Riggs; Dr. Geo. Douglass of Canada; Dr. A. Stevens; Bishop Halsey, of the Colored M. E. Church; and Dr. J. O. A. Clark,

are among the writers. An interesting paper upon "Wesleyan Hymn Music" is written by Miss Eliza Wesley, a grand-daughter of Charles. The variety of topics and writers adds to the interest of this unique volume. It will be a popular addition to our family literature. The names of the writers are the best assurance of the marked ability and integrity of the paper. The proceeds of the volume are devoted to the completion of the memorial church now being erected in Savannah—"the only city in America where Mr. Wesley had a grand-daughter." The volume deserves, and will receive, a wide patronage throughout the various Methodist families of churches. It has a number of fine engraved illustrations.

ERNESTINE, by Wilhelm von Hillern. From the German, by S. Baring-Gould, in two volumes. New York: Wm. S. Gottsberger. For sale in Boston by Small, May and Co. This is a popular and wholesome work of the imagination, it develops, in a vividly told story, the possible outcome of the intellectual and social movement among women of our day, which Frances Power Cobbe sets forth in her prose in her essays. For purely selfish purposes, on the part of an avicious uncle, a highly intellectual girl is trained to fret against the restraints of her sex, to covet the training and possibilities of a man, to break away from faith in God and Revelation and in a future life, and to find her mission and happiness in an intellectual supremacy. The result is terribly pictured, but finally softened by the natural catastrophe—divorce and the destruction of her religious faith. The volume is one of the strongest fictions of the hour, and will not be without its healthful results, although its pictures are rather European than American, and the woman represents the direct effect of "civilization" rather than simply the intellectual and social emancipation of the sex.

DON JOHN is the latest issue of the "No Name Series" of fiction published by Roberts Brothers. It is freely attributed to the pen of Jean Ingelow. It is a natural, unsensational story of English domestic and school life. One idea is the entirely novel subject of a child who is supposed to be born in infancy, by the nurse, of the child of which she was foster mother, for her own. The plot is very well worked out, admitting of fine opportunities for the portrayal of character in the story of the two boys. The incidents work themselves clearly by the end of the tale, and relieve and satisfy the reader with the well-managed human providence and retribution of the writer.

Harper & Brothers publish a singular LIFE OF CICERO, interpreted into English expression, and judged somewhat after the social opinions of the nineteenth century. It is written by Anthony Trollope, making two duodecimo volumes. It is somewhat an apology for the weaknesses of his subject, and his defense against his critics is such as a generous man of our times might choose to make for one of his friends. The volumes are written in the flowing style of a work of the imagination, and doubtless are not entirely dissimilar from such a production. Forsyth's and Dean Merivale's portraits of Cicero are more scholarly and criticised, and the whole literature of the theme is quite thoroughly studied. The volumes afford very entertaining reading, and ought to be perused in connection with the more scholarly edition of Forsyth—a lawyer's record reviewed by a lawyer of another generation.

A very interesting text-book for students of the great dramatist, SHAKESPEARE: A Critical Study of his Mind and Art, by Edward Dowden, LL. D. 12mo, 386 pp. Published by Harper & Brothers. For sale in Boston by Lee & Shepard. Several English editions of this scholarly work have been published. The present American is authorized and commended by its writer. The volume considers the intellectual character of the Elizabethan age, the mental growth of Shakespeare and his contemporaries, and discusses the several plays in groups, introducing an interesting chapter upon the humor of Shakespeare. The volume will afford a rich treat for students in drama, art and lovers especially of Shakespeare.

Ginn & Heath publish THE NATIONAL HYMN AND TUNE BOOK FOR HIGH AND MIDDLE SCHOOLS, by L. W. Mason, Superintendent of Music in the Public Schools of Boston. This new school text-book is handsomely issued in the royal octavo form. The name of its accomplished compiler is a sufficient guarantee of the quality and appropriateness of both the hymns and music. Most of the hymns are the well-known "hymns of the ages;" the music is dignified and classic, and must be impressive as rendered by well-instructed student choirs.

From the same publishers we have, in the series of the "Complete Works of Shakespeare," by Rev. Henry X. Mason (Harvard Edition), Vol. XII, which contains KING HENRY THE FIFTH, and KING HENRY THE EIGHTH. This is one of the most attractive and thoroughly edited editions of the great dramatist. The publishers also issue an edition for the use of schools. The last volume in this series is the first part of Henry IV. This edition is particularly adapted, by introduction and notes, to the younger classes of students for whom it is prepared.

YOUNG FOLKS' BIBLE HISTORY. Illustrated, by Charlotte M. Yonge. Boston: L. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.50. Miss Yonge, during her long and successful literary career, has accomplished nothing, perhaps, more important in character than this volume. It is an admirable condensation of Scripture history from the creation to the crucifixion, in which the narrative is adapted to the comprehension of young readers. Miss Yonge tells her reader the Bible story in the same manner in which a mother would talk to her children, and has brought it thoroughly within their comprehension. The chapters are brief, each one being confined to a single topic or incident, and the volume contains more than one hundred fine illustrations. We cannot conceive of no more valuable assistance to the teachers of infant classes in Sunday-schools, or one better adapted to home use where there are young children, than this work of Miss Yonge. It is printed in large, clear type on the best of paper, and the binding is tasteful and strong.

David C. Cook, of Chicago, publishes CHORUS ANTHEMS, with Selections for Quartets and Choruses. 160 pp. Price 35 cents for a single copy; \$3.00 a dozen. The volume is intended to meet the culture and wants of choirs of average musical ability, not too classic or too popular. It makes a strong plea for examination.

The PRINCE is a beautiful quarto, illustrated paper, edited for boys and girls by Mrs. G. R. Alden, whose familiar title is made the name of the periodical. This attractive sheet is published weekly for 50 cents a year. Dr. Lothrop & Co. are publishers. Nothing could be brighter or more attractive to the young readers.

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ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE, BOSTON, MASS., AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.

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ductive of a church having nothing more than a name to live. It is no more thinkable that the piety of converts can be deeper than that of the church in which it is produced, than it is that streams can rise higher than the springs from which they flow. Genuine conversions cannot be the perennial products of an unconverted church.

That man is on the Lord's side who, though a sinner, hates sin and strives to be free from its indwelling power; who seeks to be true and just; who desires in all things to be upright and pure; and who, in order to the accomplishment of these desires, looks heavenward daily for grace and help. The publican in the temple, calling for mercy, was on the Lord's side. So was Peter, weeping over his apostasy. So was Mary, the "sinner," when she anointed the feet of Christ. So is every person who delights in the law of God after the inward man.

Parents who let their little children grow like untrained and unpruned vines, thinking that they will commence the process of training by and by, waste a golden opportunity, which will never return, to give right moral direction to the feet of their little ones. While they wait, the twig is hardening, the weeds are growing, the character is taking shape. Such parents may profitably consider the sentiment of a heathen poet, Persius Flaccus, who says to both parents and teachers:—

"The clay is moist and soft; now, now make haste And form the vessel, for the wheel turns fast."

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prefers to read the broadly liberal criticisms of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* upon themes affecting the historical authenticity of the Scriptures, than any of the later and equally scholarly orthodox introductions to the Bible. He has advanced beyond these. These conservative discussions have become stale and unprofitable to him. The very fact that they stand by the traditional truths is a *prima facie* evidence to him of their valuelessness. He has lost relish for everything that has not the flavor of distrust and opposition to orthodoxy. He affirms the new positions as if the fortresses of faith had been effectually carried, and not an armed defender was left behind them. He eagerly appropriates every new assumption of advanced speculation; he devours the philosophical and semi-religious periodicals of the day, and has at his tongue's end the latest theory of the origin of the universe and of life.

Now, a man cannot sustain life in the use of unwholesome food, and he rapidly destroys it when he tampers with poisons. Faith must be nourished by appropriate provision, or it will "perish of hunger." By continually appropriating this negative and unwholesome nutriment, the spiritual life is weakened and destroyed, and the power of positive faith, is soon lost. Certain well-known evangelical ministers were apparently greatly shocked, and almost disconcerted, at the calm and positive assertion of one of the pronounced disciples of a "free religion," that he had never had any misgivings as to his spiritual condition, and no painful convictions as to his lack of harmony with God. Why should he? The teaching of his whole life had led him to despise, as a childish superstition, the views of evangelical Christians, and to consider the Christian Scriptures as simply a notable book of ancient literature, and nothing more. The physical system may become so perverted as to crave poison and to endure, for awhile, amazing quantities of it. The human mind may become so blinded as to be sightless and deaf to divine truth. We have heard a young man, who for years had yielded himself to the teachings of infidelity, suddenly awakened by a startling providence, attempt helplessly, in our presence, to hold and apprehend the force of a religious argument, once entirely conclusive to himself, perfectly satisfactory to us, but then powerless to the convincing of his mind. He uttered, with the deepest emotion, the absolute truth, when he said, "I cannot believe, sir; really I cannot believe."

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The local contributions to the work from all sources—that is, the money raised in this country from Europeans, from Government, from missionaries, etc.—foot up a total of over rs.44,000. This is more than one-third as much as the amount sent from America. The contributions raised for all purposes in the South India Conference aggregated rs. 103,300, a very handsome amount indeed, considering the number and circumstances of the membership.

Our most cheering advance during the years just past was in the Sunday-school line. The total number of scholars is now 8,952, an increase over the previous year of 1,570. It is confidently expected that next year will show a round ten thousand of boys and girls, and men and women, a large majority of them non-Christians, learning from week to week, under Christian teachers, to sing Christian hymns and repeat the story of Jesus. The chief impediment is the lack of a sufficient number of Christian teachers.

The reports brought in by the preachers, especially from some divisions of Rohilcund, showed a very encouraging state of public feeling among the native communities with reference to Christianity, a readiness to listen, an eagerness to know, a disposition to appreciate the advantages of embracing the new religion, such as a very few years ago was quite unheard of. And a significant item in the report from Roy Bareilly in Oudh was the announcement that an English gentleman there had placed in the hands of the mission the sum of rs. 4,500 as the endowment of a perpetual native preacher for the benefit of the people in the Roy Bareilly district. He was moved to do this as a thank-offering for the great good he had received from the preaching of the missionary, Mr. McMahon, and the little English congregation to which he had ministered from Sunday to Sunday. This is but a specimen—one from a great many—of the advantages to the native mission work which are constantly accruing from the labors which the missionaries incidentally bestow upon the English-speaking people in close and necessary connection with whom their lot in this land is cast.

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D. S. B. JOHNSTON,
Negotiator of Mortgage Loans, ST. PAUL, M.

D. S. B. JOHNSTON,
Negotiator of Mortgage Loans, ST. PAUL, M.

The Family.

TAKEN AND BROUGHT.

What have the years stolen, as they sped away like a thief,
Noselessly, silently, never missed in the joy
of our childhood brief?
They have stolen away from me
The wonder of all things new,
The freshness from the dew,
The gladden from the dew,
The laughter untouched by care,
The sunshine from never a cloud,
The thoughts that knew not a fear,
The heart that could speak aloud.

What have they carried away as they passed
With laughing feet—
Flying along with a maddened rush in the
sunshine of youth so sweet?
They carried away in their flight
Many a hope and a dream—
Beautiful castles built in air
And gilded by fancy's gleam;
Some friendships that bloomed fair,
Love like an opening rose,
The eager hope of beginning
And the sweet calm of repose.

What have they taken away as they passed
With slower tread,
Counting them by the fall of tears and the
summers lying dead?
O the beautiful light of youth,
The joy of the sunny hour,
The red from the sparkling lips,
And the honey from the flower,
The glow from the golden hair,
The beauty that shone so brief,
The vigor and hope of life,
From men the trust and belief!

What have they brought as a gift since they
carried so much away,
Turning the laughter of morn to tears, and
the beautiful flowers to clay?
They have left me a patience strong,
A hope that doth brightly shine,
The bending to one great Will,
The strength of an Arm divine;
The living, but not to self,
The working, but not for gain,
The tears that are sanctified,
The humility of pain;
The knowledge that God is good,
That self is sinful and weak,
The love of the Crucified,
Who came to save and to seek;
Mercies unnumbered, love unknown,
They have brought as they passed along,
And sometimes to cheer me upon my way,
The God-giving gift of song.

Hollis Freeman.

INCIDENTS

In the Early History of Methodism in New England.

BY REV. ALFRED BURNSON, A. M., D. D.

BILLY HIBBARD.

The *National Repository* for December, 1880, contains a sketch of this pious but very eccentric minister, who was my pastor once in Bridgeport, Conn., and from whom I learned some things, not found in said sketch, worthy of record.

He was born and raised, and did much of his itinerant work, in New England; and, I think, died and was buried in that soil, whence he will rise at the resurrection of the dead. In his early life Calvinism was dominant in that country, and usually, if not universally, those who believed it, hoped they were of the elect, and rested content as to the future. But as soon as they were awakened to see and feel that they were sinners before God, and must obtain pardon from Him or be lost forever, the devil would suggest that they were reprobates, and there was no mercy or pardon for them; and suicide was often the result. I heard him say that at this stage of his experience he accepted this horrible idea, and reasoned in his own mind that the longer he lived in sin the more he should be punished in hell; and the sooner he got there the better, for the less he would have to suffer. He therefore resolved on suicide, and to effect his purpose he took the rope-halter from his horse in the barn, and was about to tie it to a girl and then to his neck, when he thought he would pray once more. This he did, and found such relief as to encourage further effort in that exercise, and soon after found pardon from God and the Spirit of adoption.

This escape from eternal ruin excited his highest gratitude to God for this mercy, but the danger into which that "ism" had led him, greatly increased his abhorrence of it, and caused him to almost constantly preach against it. He usually took such texts as the Calvinists rely upon to prove their doctrines, and by a Scriptural exegesis showed that there was no Calvinism in them. He excelled in wit and sarcasm, making some squirm, and others mad, while many were convinced of the truth of his position and abandoned the error.

His eccentricity was both in his manner of expression, and in his gesticulation. In person he was tall, handsome, and well-proportioned, but his legs and arms few about like drum-sticks when preaching. These of themselves might pass with little notice; but there was such a peculiarity in his witty sarcasms as to show up that which he opposed in the most ludicrous and ridiculous manner. He often made people smile, and sometimes laugh outright. Twice he caused me to do this when in a most solemn mood, and while listening in the most earnest manner to his oddity, and knew that it often led to unfavorable criticisms, on which account he rather mourned, but said it was natural—that he could not avoid it, and that he must be content to be as God had made him. He told us of a trip he had made to New York city to obtain a supply of books to sell, for preachers in those days sold books. He was then on New Rochelle circuit, near the city. He rode in the saddle, with the inevitable saddle-bags, for buggies and railroads were not then born. On his way, he said it occurred to his mind that the ensuing night was the usual preaching night in the city, and very likely he would be invited to preach; and he said to himself, "Now, Billy, you are going into the city, and most likely you will be asked to preach; and you know that the city folks are nice and prim, and don't admire your oddities. Now, you must prim up, stand up straight, and pronounce your words off distinct and clear, and gesticulate as the city preachers do." On arriving, as he expected, he was told he must preach. "So," said he, "I walked up the aisle and into the high box-pulpit—very different from the chairs and candle-stands I was used

to standing behind in the country—and stood up as straight as a reed. I read off my hymns and prayed in good style, but was as cold as an icicle. I gave out my text in the same way and commenced my discourse; but I soon found myself in the brush, with nothing to say, and saw clearly that I must let Billy have his own way, or make a complete failure. So I said to myself, 'Billy, let your legs bend;' and as soon as they began to whip round in the pulpit, I got at liberty, and we had a good time of it."

He was remarkable for his solemn visage. I never knew him to smile but once, and then he was taken by surprise. He was not fanatical about it, and made no objection to others' smiling or laughing when they pleased, if not in excess. He said that when he was converted he found himself too much given to levity, and to avoid it he would pinch his finger, obtain a drop of blood, and with it write on a slip of paper, "I won't laugh to-day," and put it in his pocket as a reminder. This he continued from day to day till he got established in his unsmiling visage.

He was in the habit of giving glory to God for everything that pleased him, spiritual or temporal. Like Asbury and Garrettson, he was fond of good tea; this and food were the only stimulants he used. On one occasion, after a long drive to reach a camp-meeting, being much fatigued, he could not go into the work till he obtained some refreshment; and a good sister prepared some of his favorite beverage to suit him. As he tasted it he set the cup down, and devoutly raising his eyes and hands, said, "Glory to God for good tea! And glory to God for good friends to make good tea!" On leaving the ground, at the close of the meeting, while turning his wagon in the brush, a lynch-pin was knocked out and the wheel nearly came off before he caught it; upon doing which he said "Glory to God!" again.

At the ensuing Annual Conference, when the usual question was asked, "Is there anything against Brother Hibbard?" the presiding elder said there was some complaint that he used the phrase, "Glory to God," so often as to render it irreverent, and related the two incidents above stated. Bishop Asbury said, "Brother Hibbard, what have you to say in reference to this matter?" Hibbard straightened up to his six feet or more, and with his solemn visage said, "I read in my Bible that whether ye eat, or whether ye drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." No more was said on that subject.

He studied medicine to some extent, and thought he had discovered a combination of herbs that would prove a health-restoring remedy; and he prepared a pill which he administered in some cases which he thought he understood. Objections were raised against him at Conference because he had "turned doctor;" and he was called upon for an explanation. He rose and said: "In some very plain cases that I understand I sometimes give medicine, but in difficult and dangerous cases I only give advice." "Why," said the Bishop, "I should think that difficult and dangerous cases would demand medicine more than cases of less or no danger." "Well, so they do; but as I don't know what to give, I advise the patient to send for one that does know," said he.

In conversing upon the subject of using tunes in singing that are used in worldly songs, he said: "Music was invented in heaven to praise and worship God; but the devil stole some of it for his service, as he did the garment of light, that he might the more easily deceive and mislead his subjects in the way to ruin. And as he marred or ruined everything he touched, so in this. Many tunes are only fit for the devil's use; but by pruning they can be restored to holy use, it is right and proper to employ them in praising God."

Some Quakers complained to Bishop Asbury that Hibbard persecuted them. At Conference, in the annual examination of character, the Bishop asked him what it meant, adding, "We who are so grievously persecuted ought not to persecute others. We should do as we wish to be done by." "Billy" stretched himself up to his highest point, and reaching out his long arm towards the chair, said: "When you laid your big hands upon my head, you made me promise 'with all faithful diligence to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines contrary to God's Word.' I found the Quakers had fallen into dead forms, denied true Scriptural conversion, and depended upon their birthright membership for salvation. This I opposed, and urged the necessity of true regeneration, affirming that until this divine and radical change occurred, they were not led by the Spirit of God. This is what they call persecution."

I heard him say that when he rode Long Island circuit, which then included the whole island, he one day, on the road, fell into company with a Presbyterian elder, who sarcastically questioned the right or propriety of Methodist preachers riding such good horses, intimating that any mere wreck of bones was good enough for such fanatics. Billy said, to answer a fool according to his folly, that his horse was a religious horse. "What," said the elder, "do you suppose your horse was ever converted?" "I don't say he was, or has been, converted," said Billy, "but he has, at least, as much or more religion than some men have. He don't sin in thought, word and deed every day as some professors say they do. He is, at least, innocent of any breach of the law of God so far as we know." This elder, like many others, hearing only what his thoughts were upon, not what was said, went off and reported that Methodist preachers believed their horses were converted.

In those days the itinerants often had to travel many miles to reach the seats of their Conferences, and always rode in the saddle. Sometimes they gathered into groups of two, three, four or

more. At such times the people where they stopped over night would expect preaching; for as preaching was not so frequent then as in these days, they were hungry for the word of life, and a sermon from a stranger was a great treat. It was the rule for the preachers, when there was more than one, to take turns in this work. On one such occasion Billy fell into company with two or three others of the cloth, and the first night they all insisted on his preaching, which he did. They were amused by his oddity and edified by his deep thought. The next night they again insisted upon his preaching. He objected that it was irascible on such occasions to preach in turn; but they insisted, and he yielded, and gave them the same discourse as on the previous night. On the third night they renewed their request, and he repeated the same discourse, which by that time had become rather stale to them. As soon as an opportunity occurred, they asked him if he had but one discourse with which to instruct and edify his people. "Oh, yes, hundreds of them," was the reply. "Why, then, did you give us the same subject for the three nights past?" they inquired. "Because," said he, "I had new congregations each night, excepting you three, and to them the subject was new. But you only sought your own amusement in my oddity, and I thought one night was enough for that. If you had done as is usual on such occasions—taken your turns at preaching—when it came round to my turn again, I should have given you a new subject." It served them right.

With this I must close the sketches, which have appeared of late in the *Herald*, with thanks to the editor for their kind reception, and with the hope that they may stir up the pure minds of some, by way of remembrance, to "gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost," of our history. The links which connect this with the two past generations will soon disappear from the earth, and many interesting incidents be lost for all time unless this is done.

"BABY BESSIE."

BY SAMUEL ADAMS WIGGIN.

Her lips are full of kisses,
Her heart is full of love,
Her hands are full of dimples,
A cherub from above.

Her cheeks are damask roses,
Her voice is music sweet,
A host of baby jewels,
The pink toes of her feet.

Her hair is soft and sheeny
Upon a spool she knows,
The sweetest end of beauty
That ever bloomed below.

Her large dark orbs of glory
Are full of grace divine;
With peace and calm of heaven,
And purity, they shine.

Within their wells of gladness
The Christ-child's image fair,
The whiteness of the heavenly
Reflected softly there.

Of such, as little children,
With spirits clad in white,
The homes of joy spiritual
Are filled with glad delight.

So looking into heaven
Revealed in baby's eyes,
We all may see the glory
Of the kingdom in the skies.

And if we doubt the future,
And all the hopes we prize,
Our doubts and fears will vanish
If we look in baby's eyes.

For in their depths of sweetness,
He makes His presence known,
And there in all His beauty
Christ sitteth on His throne.

And gazing on His glory,
There comes a joy and peace,
Ineffable and holy—
The weary soul's release.

For in that glimpse of heaven
Our dear lost lambs are seen,
Beside the river peaceful,
In living pastures green.

We read God's revelation
Of love in baby's eyes,
The trust inspiration
For mortals 'neath the skies.

O souls, with sorrow laden,
Beneath thy griefs bowed down,
Rejoice, thy lambs are singing
With palm, and robe, and crown.

And He who loves His children
Will give thee back thine own;
For crowned with life immortal,
Christ sitteth on His throne.

Sweet, loving little Bessie,
With eyes of darkest blue,
A tender bond of promise,
With heart all warm and true,—

We kiss thy dimpled fingers,
Caress thy shining hair,
Give thanks to God, the Giver,
For thee, all spotless fair.

THEATRE-GOING—A FRIEND'S LETTER.

EDITOR ZION'S HERALD: A copy of thy paper of the 13th of last month having fallen into my hands, I was interested in reading its articles condemning the theatre and opera, including (in the "magazine" notices) the theatrical article in *Scribner's*. Whilst Dr. Holland has written and published very many excellent things, yet the influence upon a class of our community not hitherto classed as theatrical, of the long series of articles upon that one theme, cannot have failed to decide many of the very large number of readers of the magazine to witness for themselves that which was so frequently and so eloquently and approvingly enlarged upon.

The incidental reference in the same number of thy paper to the fact of theological students being seen at the opera, inclines me to mention what a pious mother (a Presbyterian) said this week to my wife—that it almost broke her heart to have her son—her only child—go to the opera, because all his school

companions had been there, not even excepting one of them who is the son of a minister!

That primitive Christian, Tertullian, so long as sixteen centuries ago, considered that the church and the world should indeed "walk apart" in this matter. "Why, the rejection of these amusements," he says in his treatise *De Spectaculis*, "is the chief sign [to the pagan world] that a man has adopted the Christian faith. If any one, then, puts away the faith's distinctive badge, he is plainly guilty of denying it. What hope can you possibly retain in regard to a man who does that? When you go over to the enemy's camp, you throw down your arms, desert the standards and the oath of allegiance to your chief; you cast in your lot for life or death with your new friends. Seated where there is nothing of God, will one be thinking of his Maker? Will there be peace in his soul when there is eager strife there for a chariot? Wrought up into a frenzied excitement, will he learn to be modest? Nay, in the whole thing he will meet with no greater temptation than that gay attire of the men and women."

In conclusion, thou may be interested in a brief article in the current number of the *Student*, upon some not usually recognized present influences in the direction of opera and theatre-going. I am truly glad to know that thy own sentiments upon the subject, and the utterances of thy journal, are so unmistakably opposed to the depraving custom. Thy friend truly,

JOSHUA W. LEEDS.
Philadelphia, Second Month 11, 1881.

LITTLE MINISTRIES.

A single word is a little thing,
But a soul may be dying before your eyes
For lack of the comfort a word may bring,
Which is welcome help and its sweet surprise.

A kindly look costs nothing at all,
But a heart may be starving for just one glance
That shall show by the eyelid's tender fall
The help of a pitying countenance.

It is easy enough to bend the ear
To catch some tale of sore distress;
But men may be fainting beside us here,
For longing to share their weariness.

These gifts nor silver nor gold may buy,
Nor the wealth of the richest of men be-
low;
But the comfort of word, or ear, or eye,
The poorest may offer wherever he go.

C. F. Richardson.

The Little Folks.

DREAMING AND WORKING.

"I have dreamed at length with dreaming:
Henceforth, O thou slave of mine,
Thou must take up sword and shield
In the warfare most divine."

That was what a little girl eleven years old had written in a fair, round hand in a diary, on that pleasant summer morning out under the trees.

"Why, Hattie Jordan, what dreadful spelling!" exclaimed her sister's voice behind her. "You had better stop dreaming, at all events, till you learn how to spell the word, and go to studying your spelling-book instead. Why, there are six words wrong there."

"I wouldn't peek, anyway," answered Hattie, springing up, flushed and angry.

"I really didn't, dearie," replied wise Agnes, drawing her down to her side. "I called you twice, but you did not answer. But now tell me, Hattie, what are you going to do in the place of dreaming, for you know you've spent a great deal of time in that?"

"O sister, I want to do everything that's strong and good. Sometimes I think I'll be a great scholar, as Margaret Fuller was, or a writer, or a lecturer, or something. O Agnes, what would you do first?"

"Well, dear, I think the first thing I would go to the dictionary, and study until I could spell every word in that pretty verse of yours correctly, and every day of this vacation I would write out one page of something, and then study it out in the same way, until I could do better. What do you say for I must go now?"

But Hattie only shrugged her shoulders, and, left alone, leaned back against the tree and watched the birds flitting about, and thought of doing great things by-and-by, till the dinner-bell called her in to more practical things.

After dinner Hattie's father, who was a minister, came out on the piazza and asked the little girl to write a note for him, as his right hand was bound up from a bad cut, and every one else was busy.

Ask Deacon Conners if he will please send the choir up here," he father said; for they often practised with his organ.

So Hattie wrote: "Please send the choir up here." And an hour later who should come up the steps but Deacon Conners—who was a bookseller—and in his arms several packages. "I didn't know which kind you wanted, sir, so I brought several," he said, wiping his hot face.

Mr. Jordan looked in surprise at the various styles of paper displayed, and finally said, "Why, you are very kind, Deacon, but I was not needing any paper just now."

Then the deacon took out Hattie's note, and the laugh they had over it sent the poor child in tears to Agnes. "You will believe me now, dear," said her sister, "that if you want to be of any use or help in the world, you must be willing to begin improving just where you see you need it. Thinking of doing isn't working, dear. Now you know you are a poor sinner; just begin there, and that will be one step."

Then Hattie took her pretty diary and the dictionary, and made those six words right that she had spelled so poorly that morning; but that seemed such a little step toward becoming a woman. "I believe I could do better if I had a verse to go by," she said to Agnes that night.

"Then here is one for you, 'By patient continuance in well-doing,' six words made right does not seem much to you to-night; but six words every one of the more than three hundred working days in the year make how many?"

"Most two thousand," answered Hattie, quickly.

"Yes, and if every one of them means, in God's sight, something done so as to make you a wiser and more helpful woman to others, and taking care of the tal-

ent He has given you, isn't that worth while?"

And Hattie answered very softly, "Yes," for she saw then how her life might be like a ladder reaching up to what God called her to be, and the steps of the ladder would be the patient doing of each little duty or work she found in her way. And right there at the beginning she placed an earnest prayer asking the dear Christ's help. Of course, He helped her; and in any of you will look at a true life in just the same way. He will help you; for even the little steps, if there be many of them, take you a long way in time.—*Child's Paper*.

MISS PARLOA'S COOK BOOK.

MR. EDITOR: I notice the criticism—or rather denunciation—of Miss Parloa's New Cook Book by Mrs. Dustin, in the *Herald* of a late date. Probably Miss Parloa has written her recipes for Beacon Street and the Back Bay, where a pudding without a liquor sauce would not be recognized, as well as for those who eschew such things entirely. I do not question the matter of fact. What she may have felt obliged to do in deference to the publishers, we can only imagine; but it is only fair to say that in her lessons here, in giving such recipes as ordinarily include wine or brandy, she always says, "But we never use that; instead use so much vanilla, or so much lemon;" in every instance giving the pupils to understand that she does not advise or approve of the use of liquors in food. I need not say that such a course would be essential to the continuance of her lessons in this school; yet she does it of her own will, and I never having exchanged a word on the subject.

C. C. BRIGDON.

Miscellany.

CHRISTIAN WIVES.

"She was very pretty and charming, but I chose the Christian girl for my wife," said a gentleman the other day. And he chose wisely. Heathendom is just now confirming the wisdom of such choices. Says a letter from Ceylon: "It is a noticeable fact that when Christian women are married to heathen husbands, generally the influence in the household is Christian. The children usually receive a Christian training, and grow up as Christians. Whereas when a Christian man takes a heathen wife, he usually loses his Christian character, and the influences of the household are on the side of heathenism." The moral and the influence of educated Christian women at the head of the household the world over can hardly be overestimated.—*Congregationalist*.

THE MODEL GUEST.

There comes to our home sometimes a friend whom we might call the model guest. He always writes in advance in time for us to reply. He always comes on the day set, in time for the regular tea hour. He enters at once into the life of the family, for the absent members of which he never fails to inquire. If the house-mother has had a tired day he sees it, and knows how to toss a baby or help entertain two different sets of callers at once, or even, if there is a hiatus in the kitchen, to lift a coal-bowl. He has a pleasant word (neither patronizing nor familiar) for the servants, whom he remembers if he has seen them before, and who look pleased when his coming is announced. His sympathy in the work and life of the family is so genuine and hearty that his visits are counted on as part of the yearly cheer, like Thanksgiving and Christmas. In the morning, when he leaves, he does it thankfully, taking time for breakfast and prayers with the family. He conducts the worship as if it was an important part of the day's living, leaving the earnest prayer for blessing on the home as the last remembrance of his stay. In short, as guest or host, he is full of the same thoughtful courtesy displayed by his kinsman in secretly blacking the boots of a distinguished English guest who never imagined there was no servant in the house to perform that duty.—*Christian Union*.

A GENIUS FOR HELPING FOLKS.

"There is a man," said his neighbor, speaking of a village carpenter, "who has done more good, I really believe, in this community, than any other person who ever lived in it. He cannot talk very well in prayer-meeting, and he doesn't often try. He isn't worth two thousand dollars, and it's very little that he can put down on subscription papers for any other object. But a new family never moves into the village that he does not find them out, to give them a neighborly welcome, and offer any little service he can render. He is usually on the lookout to give strangers a seat in his pew at church. He is always ready to watch, with a sick neighbor, and look after his affairs for him; and I've sometimes thought he and his wife keep house-plants in winter just for the sake of being able to send little bouquets to the sick." "How kind!" said the neighbor, "and how good!" "I believe I could do better if I had a verse to go by," she said to Agnes that night.

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THE COLD RIVER.

An Alpine hunter on Mont Blanc, passing the Mer de Glace, lost his hold and slipped into one of those frightful crevasses by which the sea of ice is cleft to its foundations. By catching in his swift descent against the points of rocks and projections of ice, he broke his fall, so that he reached the bottom alive, but only to face death in a more terrible form. On either hand the icy walls rose, above which he saw only a strip of blue sky. At his feet trickled a little brook, formed from the slowly melting glacier. There was but one possible chance of escape—to follow this rivulet which might lead to some passage. In silence and fear he picked his way, down, down, till he was gliding through the shades below—a room in time before him, while the stream rolled darkly below. He heard the roaring of the waters which seemed to wait for him. What should he do? Death was beside him and behind him. There was no time for delay. He paused but an instant, and plunged into the stream. One moment of breathless suspense—a sense of darkness and coldness, and yet of swift motion, as if he were gliding through the shades below—and then a light began to glimmer faintly in the waters, and the next instant he was amid the green fields and the flowers and the summer sunshine of the vale of Chamouny.

So it is when believers die. They come to the bank of the river, and it is cold and dark. Nature shrinks from the fatal plunge. Yet one chilling moment, and all fear is left behind, and the Christian is amid the fields of the paradise of God.—*The Bethel Flag*.

For Young and Old.

Bits of Fun.

....Sitting down on a hornet's nest is stimulating, but not nourishing.

W: "What does your chum do for exercise?" T: "Oh, he talks!"—*Courant*.

...."I thought you took an interest in my welfare," said William. "No, sir," replied Susan; "only in your farewell."

....When Theo was five years old, she having been taught that it was rude to stare at people, was heard calling from a room in which sat an exceedingly stout lady, "I'm not staring, mamma; but isn't she fat?"

....A lecturer once prefaced his discourse upon the rhinoceros with, "I must beg you to give me your undivided attention. Indeed, it is absolutely impossible that you can form a true idea of the hideous animal of which we are about to speak unless you keep your eyes fixed on me!"

....A country girl at a fashionable hotel in New York noticed that all the guests used their forks only in eating their pie. Upon her return home she reported the fact to the old lady, who comforted her by observing, "You shouldn't mind 'em, Henry; it's all because they're too lazy to use their knives."

....A Philadelphia debating club having decided the question, "Do surprise parties surprise?" in the negative, will begin next week on the question, "Do donation parties donate?"

"Oh, what becomes," said Chloe fair,

